

# The Maud Muller Girl of 1904.

By Angelina Whipple.

THE seaside and summer resort girl must watch her laurels closely this season, for she has a powerful rival in the Maud Muller girl. All the billowy gowns, smart hats and elaborate furbelows of the former count as naught when weighed in the balance with the charms of this other type who affect simple gowns and endeavor to be natural.

Unlike her modish sister who obeys all of Dame Fashion's whims, the Maud Muller girl defies the fatter and is her own customer. She is a law unto herself, and sets her own fashions, the results of which speak for themselves.

Her first consideration is for her gowns, all of which are for service and of inexpensive materials. If she is going to the country to rusticate she can get along with less than if she is going to a summer resort where, of course, she needs more changes.

One girl who is an artist expects to combine business and pleasure this summer, and is going to the country with camera, easel and paint brushes. She is a member of an art club, and consequently knows just where to go for costumes. Accordingly, she rented a real Maud Muller gown, such as artists use for posing models, and this she copied, making herself a picturesque costume for morning wear.

This particular gown is a combination of blue and white muslin. The skirt is of blue, and the pantalets, which draw up full over the hips, are of white with three rows of narrow blue braid stitched on the edge. The blue waist has a square neck edged with a white ruffle, the elbow sleeves also being finished with white frills. The hat to be worn with this costume is a large rough straw of a deep cream, which droops in the front and back. It is finished with a big black velvet bow, which is fastened with a cream straw buckle.

Another fetching gown designed for morning wear is a white skirt with blue polka dots. It is made ankle length, slightly full at the waist line, and has a blouse waist with a sailor collar, which is rather low in the neck. The sleeves are elbow length and are finished with beading, through which pink wash ribbon is drawn. A pink ribbon belt is worn.

The hat worn with this simple little costume is of plain white pique, the crown buttoning down the front, and the brim. White mull ties finish this fetching sunshade.

The Maud Muller girl's trunk is sure to have a supply of tissue and crepe paper hats and sun bonnets. Five dozen worth of material will make a dozen different chapeaus, each one of which can be easily replaced when soiled or worn.

One of her favorite hats is made out of a big piece of oval pasteboard covered with crepe paper. The top is a mass of pink rose petals, and under the



MAUD MULLER MAKING A BOQUET OF DAISIES.

"MAUD MULLER RAKING THE MEADOWS."

brim, nestling coquettishly next the hair, is a mass of marguerite daisies. Pink tulle ties with marguerite daisies caught on the ends are used.

While the Maud Muller girl has no aversion to tan, or even a few freckles, she modestly refrains from courting the sun's attentions, and usually wears

some sort of a head covering, not only for protection, but for picturesque effects. Accordingly, when she follows the custom of the Maud Muller girl, she wears a head covering, and had just stepped out of a picture, with her quaint costume and rake.

The piquant faced girl never looks so bewitching as in a garden hat or sun bonnet, both of which are attractive for morning rambles, pottering in the garden, and out-of-door sports. The sun bonnets are especially jaunty, and the Maud Muller girl has a generous supply of them.

Crepe papers make ideal ones, and, like the hats, the handy girl can easily make a half-dozen of them in an hour, at a cost of about 50 cents. A jaunty one recently seen was of Dresden paper, which had a cream background, and was covered with wild pink roses. Pink tulle was used for ties. Another

was of Nile green crepe paper over a pasteboard foundation and was lined with white. A frill of white about the face and white ties finished the bonnet. The hats are also attractive, and they are durable as well. They are made over a French poke wire frame. The latter is lined and covered with

tissue paper, after which the braids of crepe paper are applied round and round until the frame is covered. An attractive yellow one was covered with roses in the pastel shades. Yellow mull was used for ties.

Some of the new dress goods are admirably adapted for Maud Muller gowns. Take the mercerized estamine in the old blues and tans, for example. These have what is called a Bulgarian border, but which is really a clever stitch band on one edge for trimming. The blue ones have white cross stitching in a fleur de lis pattern, and the tan ones have a similar pattern.

A gown made of white mercerized estamine was designed for country wear. The goods had a cross stitch border in the Persian colors worked in a daisy pattern. The gown was made severe shirt waist effect, and the bands were used for cuffs, collar and down the front of the waist. A band of cross stitching was also applied in each of the front side seams of the skirt, and on reaching the flounce was squared and stitched around the top of it.

A large, soft brimmed hat of a rough straw and nearly covered with poppies, will be worn with this modish out-of-door costume.

Wherever the Maud Muller girl goes she is the life of her set, every member of which looks to her for new ideas in the way of merry-making.

At least once during the season she gives a barn dance, inviting her guests to come in rustic attire. Her own costume is a short, full skirt of yellow cheese cloth with a blouse of the same. The latter has a white sailor collar of muslin open "V" shape at the throat, and tied with a knot of the muslin. A sun bonnet of yellow muslin, with a frill of white, and with white ties, is worn. To finish off her picturesque costume she wears a short rounded white muslin apron with pockets.

She drapes American flags over the entrance of the barn, and uses red, white and blue cheese cloth wherever it is effective. One of the cleverest schemes is to make an arbor out of maple branches in one corner of the barn, where refreshments are served. Lanterns are used to furnish light, as they are safer than candles.

There is a raised platform for the "dancers," made of dry goods boxes with boards spread across them, and this is draped with flags and maple branches. Old-time dance music is played by the musicians.

During the course of the evening, when the dancers are resting, the Maud Muller girl leads a rake drill, which is one of the fads of the season. For this she drills ten pretty girls in costumes of bright colors and all alike. The rakes are decorated with ribbons, flowers and vines. A regular wand drill is given, and all sorts of artistic figures introduced to the time of a lively two-step.

With hay rides, corn roasting parties, marshmallow roasts, and other jollifications, the Maud Muller girl is kept busy.

## Filipinos at the World's Fair

UNCLE SAM is the boldest showman at the fair. His Filipinos are the nakedest human beings ever permitted to perform in public anywhere within the borders of civilization. Nothing on the Pike competes with the Igorrote dancers in nudity. However, the exposures are made by men and boys only. That is a disappointment to some folks who, having heard about the bare ballet in the Filipino reservation, go there expecting to see unclad women. A faint promise of femininity in that plight is given just inside the gateway to the village. Two young women sit at looms and weave cloths under the eaves of their huts. Their arms, shoulders and legs from the knees are uncovered, but if an American belle were to dress her upper half fashionably to dance at a ball and her lower half simply to caper in the surf she would be quite as well disclosed as these weavers. They may be Lily Langtry of their tribe, but you don't think of them as you pass them going in. On coming out after having seen how ugly a woman can be if she is an Igorrote, you regard the two weavers again, and this time with a feeling that they are rather comely.

The dances of the Igorrotes are given in the arena of the amphitheatre. Unlike those of most savages, these exercises seem to have no ethical meaning. The tribe never had any religion of its own, further than to hate enemies and hunt for their heads. The only faith that missionaries have offered to them is Mohammedan and they have accepted but the merest mite of that. The twenty men in the arena, therefore, are startling objects at first, and women visitors peer sidelong awhile, but very soon take courage and gaze unabashed. The apparatus of the Igorrote warrior holds consists of a small knicker on the back of his head, a sash around his waist with its narrow ends hanging down before and behind, a breechcloth varying from one inch to three in width and nothing else, except possibly pieces of wood or metal thrust through the lobes of his ears and some figures in tattoo on his arms or breast. The tattooing stands for valor in head hunting. One such naked fellow would seem intolerable to feminine eyes, but when twenty are in the arena, together the shock is too much diffused to be felt severely.

There is nothing here that can be construed as obscenity," said Anthony Comstock, the professional prude. "These people are most correct and innocent in all their actions. Their physical perfection should be an object lesson to Americans."

Anthony was right as to the physique of these male Igorrotes. They must have been chosen for smoothness and shapeliness. It can't be that they represent the average of their people. I would like to believe that the ten women who took part in the dances were picked out for exceptional good looks. Their heads, hands and feet are so pleasing that you feel very much obliged to the manager for not showing any more.

The dancing began with the men and boys circling round and round, in a lazy trot with a peculiar movement of their feet, each carrying a small metal gong and striking it with a stick. That did not make music, as it was devoid of even rhythm, but it wasn't a deafening din and it marked the time to step by. The sight was characteristically aboriginal, and the utterly senseless faces suggested grim savagery. It was possible to believe that the chap with tattooed coring stick arms and breast really had cut off thirty-one human heads, as the marks purported to record; but he shouldn't have hurt his personal dignity and the general picture by being one of the three who smoked during the ceremony. One had a cigarette and one a pipe, while the third, this illustrious head-hunter had a cigar in a meerschaum holder kept at a cocky angle in the corner of his mouth.

After a few minutes of following one another in a single file, they squatted in a circle, pulled their gongs in the center and held what might have been a

murderous council of war against an opposing tribe, though there were no outcries of hostility. The low and quiet tones were more suggestive of gossip at a 5 o'clock tea; but then, again, there were no exclamations to indicate scandal-mongering. No lecturer was on hand to make explanations. The men didn't sit on the ground, but on their heels, the broad bottom of their feet being ample to balance on. The posture looked uncomfortable, but usage had made it easy and that way of sitting down was common throughout the village. The talk of the men slowly became a monotonous song, but without an appreciable tune, and when that was over they arose with the gongs and sticks to receive the women.

The reception was not demonstrative. The Igorrotes are expressionless at all times, yet it seemed as if these men's blank faces took on a tinge of contempt when the ten women, who had been squatting on their heels at one side of the arena, came listlessly to the center. They were a short, fat, uncouth lot, calculated to make you content forever after with the worst that our stage can give in the way of old and ugly ballet. They were shapeless tunic and graceless skirts, with no rings on their fingers nor bells on their toes, nor any touches of such adornment as we expect to see in the sex anywhere and everywhere on earth. They seemed stupid, spiritless, utterly purposeless. Two who had been smoking laid their pipes down, to be taken up when their dance should be over.

The women's performance was more like real dancing than the men's had been, yet still had no great activity. They were a short, fat, uncouth lot, calculated to make you content forever after with the worst that our stage can give in the way of old and ugly ballet. They were shapeless tunic and graceless skirts, with no rings on their fingers nor bells on their toes, nor any touches of such adornment as we expect to see in the sex anywhere and everywhere on earth. They seemed stupid, spiritless, utterly purposeless. Two who had been smoking laid their pipes down, to be taken up when their dance should be over.

The most reliable two in the party paired off with men and all four put on red and white cloths, so enveloping themselves that sex was disguised, except the lobes of their ears and a woman's legs full length or a woman's only to the knees. This dance conveyed a dim meaning and was vaguely pantomimic. Each carried a square piece of red cloth and waved it before his or her partner, as though in amorous negotiation, the man in pursuit and the woman in retreat; and, when she had coquetted all she wanted to, she dropped the cloth, but whether that meant acceptance of her suitor or rejection wasn't clear. Anyway, it was the sign to retire. But the action was apathetic and dispassionate. The climax of the ballet was a solo by one who may be regarded, I suppose, as the premier danseuse because she displayed an accomplishment—that of imparting a tremulous movement to the fleshy portions of her body, as the Oriental couché creatures do. I suspect, however, that she hadn't been accustomed to that but had learned it in order to give a touch of human animation to the show.

"A big gong was struck not far away and the men of the company ran out of the theatre as if an alarm of fire had been sounded and each feared that his own hut was in flames. There had been high only, with a thick thatch of human heads, as the marks purported to record; but he shouldn't have hurt his personal dignity and the general picture by being one of the three who smoked during the ceremony. One had a cigarette and one a pipe, while the third, this illustrious head-hunter had a cigar in a meerschaum holder kept at a cocky angle in the corner of his mouth.

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several women who didn't make my eyes ache when I looked at them, and one modest maiden who, in the circumstances, was a delightful exhibit.

It was at the home of this girl that I watched an Igorrote meal. The man brought in his dish of beef and rice, set

## STORIES ABOUT PLAYERS

Of course there will be no agreeing upon the dear old drummer so long as some of us insist that the theatre is a place of amusement and should be considered as such and the others persist in believing that the theatre should be utilized as a training school for the serious minded. Max Beerholm is a dramatic reviewer in London who clings to the jolly view of theatricals. Recently he was asked to write plays that betrayed signs of originality. He replied in the negative, and then added:

"The misfortune is that a very large proportion of managers are not only good but also very clever. They are consumed by an insatiable dread of anything which may be termed clever. They will do anything to avoid the so-called serious theatre. I really do not know, I go because I happen to be a dramatic critic, but I never so far for my own enjoyment, instruction or amusement. The plays presented do not stimulate thought, they do not engage the eye, and there is really very little for the ear."

"Personally I have no doubt that the public would rather go to see a play a little above the average mental level of the audience than one which is below it. They would rather be bored than be deliberately flattered in that way."

"The sorry truth is that our serious managers have got into a groove, and nothing, not even poor houses, can pull them out of it. Therefore we all go to see musical comedies, and are at least amused."

Charles Hawtree, who has had his troubles with George Bernard Shaw, the brilliant eccentric of London, who will, unless all signs fail, be the most popular playwright of season after next. Mr. Hawtree believed in Shaw and did his best to effect a joining of interests, but the author gracefully and graciously side-stepped.

"I had been anxious to do the play that Arnold Daly intends to produce next season. 'You Can Never Tell,' says Hawtree, 'I was asked to write a play for the mission to do the play, and he said he would come and read it to me. He came and began by saying: 'I think this is the best play that ever was written, and at others I have written, but I don't think it is a pretty poor play, but if you must have it, well, don't blame me for the consequences.'"

"This was cheerful to begin with. However, I insisted that I did want it. After the sign to retire. But the action was apathetic and dispassionate. The climax of the ballet was a solo by one who may be regarded, I suppose, as the premier danseuse because she displayed an accomplishment—that of imparting a tremulous movement to the fleshy portions of her body, as the Oriental couché creatures do. I suspect, however, that she hadn't been accustomed to that but had learned it in order to give a touch of human animation to the show."

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on a bench, squatted on his heels beside it and ate voraciously. He offered none to his daughter. It is the custom of his tribe that the men fill their stomachs first and the women get the leftovers. In this case, the girl demurely munching the soft portion of a St. Louis bun. Probably that was a special indulgence. The father fed himself with his fingers, pressing the rice into was as big as he could cram into his mouth and tearing the meat into smaller hunks. He was greedy, yet not disgusting. His hands were clean and he manipulated the food almost daintily. He paid no attention to the sight-

them. But bulldozed! They can have the house—when they come with aidmen."

"Jack" Slavin, a comedian, bears a remarkable resemblance to Joseph M. Weber, senior member of the firm of Weber & Fields. The other afternoon he was approached by a young man in the primary stages of alcoholic excitement. "How'd do," prefaced the young man, "Any truth in the rumor that you and Sam Bernard are going to combine?"

"No," said Mr. Slavin, with a terse and approximating explosiveness. "Good idea," continued the youth. "You need Fields and Fields needs you. Couldn't get along without each other." "I've had nothing to do with Mr. Fields for years and he does not consider me necessary to his happiness or business prosperity," answered the little comedian, with some asperity.

"You're dodging facts," the other murmured thickly.

Mr. Slavin began to appreciate the situation. "Look here, my friend, who do you think I am?"

"Joe Weber," he said, "I'm sure," responded the other. "Who else?"

"Well, I'm not Joe Weber by some inches. I am a comedian, and a better man," retorted the comedian, as he moved away.

Bersaved. (By James Whitcomb Riley.) Let me come in where you sit weeping— Let me, who have not any child to die. Weep with you for the little one whose love I know nothing of.

The little arms that slowly, slowly loosed Their pressure round your neck—the hands you used To kiss—such arms—such hands I never knew.

May I not weep with you? Fain would I be of service—say some word Between the tears that would be comforting. But oh, too sadder than yourself am I, Who have no child to die!

Numerous. Investigator—Understand the relatives are disputing over the will. What is the principal bone of contention? Friend of Family—None? Great Scott, mister! He left 200,000 of 'em!

The New Manager of Salt Palace Theatre.

Mr. Athon was connected with the Iroquois theatre in Chicago, and was the first one who sent in the alarm of fire, when the great conflagration took place there last December, in which over 500 lives were lost.

SALT PALACE THIS WEEK. The new bill which goes on at the Salt Palace theatre tomorrow night promises some good things in the way of vaudeville. John Morrison, the Irish singer, who made such a hit the past week, has been retained for the week. The Demoniacs, experts on the Roman rings, will be one of the features. They are coming direct from the Circuit of Theatres in Chicago, and arrive in the city Monday morning. They have just finished an extended engagement on the Orpheum circuit. Billy Thadner, the famous Swiss whistler, will give some wonderful imitations in the whistling line, and he is said to be one of the best in his line on the road today. The Athon-Wilson-Clarke Co. will produce its amusing farce comedy satire, "The Midnight Invader." Miss Wilson is a niece of the famous minstrel, George Wilson, and her father, Colonel Fred Wilson, is the first man that ever did a clock dance in America. The performance will include seven acts, all new here, not an act on the bill ever appearing in the city before.

seers, but unconcernedly went on with his role as an amateur actor imperiously. Questions in English elicited no answers, except once when I pointed at the meat and said, "Dog!" Then he looked up and calmly replied: "Cow."

A man of industry and imagination is employed as a press agent for the Filipinos, and the St. Louis newspapers are remarkably kind to him. His accounts of things which, so he says, happen in the settlement here are published profusely enough to drive our stay players of the stage mad with envy. Two warriors fought with hatchets for the favor of a girl and one combatant lost an ear. Chief Antonio condemned a mysterious criminal to be beheaded after the return to the Philippines. The savages plotted a revolt against control by our military and were at the point of a massacre. The favorite subject of the press agent, however, has been the insatiable craving of the Igorrotes for dog meat. He has told often and freely of the savages' demands for dogs to eat, and of the difficulty of getting the dogs; and on Sundays, when the outer gates are shut and the exhibition palaces and the Pike shows are inaccessible, but thousands of people connected with the fair are idle on the grounds, the Igorrotes attempt (by holding a well-advertised feast of canine flesh) as a special Sunday performance, a big dog is killed and eaten in the presence of spectators.

A Spaniard who had lived in Manila and learned a little of the native language, heard me ask the Igorrote if the meat was dog.

"The people do eat dogs," he said, "but don't hanker for them particular." "I'll ask this fellow what meat he likes best." After an effort at conversation between the Spaniard and the Filipino had attained some success, the former turned to me: "He says he likes sheep best of all; but is fond of cow, while dog comes next in his estimation, and hog last."

"When the Igorrote had finished his meal there was a plenty of rice left, but only a mouthful of cow. He passed the dish to his daughter, who put it on a shelf overhead. Then we learned that the girl was saving it for her mother, who lay ill in an enclosed place, like a kennel, with a door which shut her in and shut the light and air out.

The exhibition of Filipinos ranges from Manila guards, who speak Spanish and wear natty uniforms, to the least human of Bogobos and Negritos. The guardsmen, members of the United States army, are free sights, but it costs an extra quarter to enter each

of the tribal villages. So Uncle Sam is indeed a showman, although he gives the "concessions" to individual managers, who pay for the fair a royalty of one-fourth of the receipts. They hired the natives, brought them here and take the chances of profit.

The Bogobos and Negritos are said to eat their slain enemies, when at home, and to make human sacrifices of their own relatives. Now, if those practices could be shown here, the business would prosper tremendously, and I don't think the victims would be missed.

A bride was one of the curiosities in the Negro village. The wedding had been held a few days earlier. As is likely as not she had been married long before and that the ceremony will be repeated as often as it proves adventurously valuable. But she was declared to have been an object of jealous contention among Negro suitors since their arrival here and to have made a choice for a husband. The bride truly loved. Her visible output of bridal wardrobe consisted of a pair of blue breeches and a sash around her waist and over one of our Oriental. The almost naked bridegroom squatted near by. Their home hut was the merest pen of bamboo and straw. Life among the Negritos, as illustrated here, is a grade below that of the Igorrotes. Their dances are more crude, too, but not sufficiently different to call for a separate notice. They are a little lower still are the Bogobos. They are less intelligent, less cleanly, less removed from the level of brutes. The women are less shy. A mother who feeds her child in public is unconcerned as a cow does a calf is one of the exhibits.

The government reservation of the Filipinos covers twenty acres of houses and lakes, the wooded portions set apart for the various native villages, and a large section of open ground built up extensively with many structures for the gratis exhibition of affairs of war and peace, of savagery and civilization in our Oriental. Of course, some of the visitors complain against the exaction of fees at the village gates, but no one can say that the Filipinos are unwilling to give the money—except one little catch-penny sideshow which seems inexcusable.

"Don't miss the Filipino 'midgets,'" cries a banner.

You recall travelers' accounts of races of dwarfs in Africa and naturally think that something of the kind has been discovered in the Philippines. But what you see for 15 cents are two malformed little freaks of humanity, so ugly as to disgust you and so disappointing as to anger you.

## SALT PALACE THEATRE

ROBERT ATHON, Manager.

T	Grand Concert By Held's Band		T
O	SOLOIST		O
N	MR. JOHN MORRISON		N
I	After the Band Concert--Grand Sacred Concert in Theatre		I
G	The 10c Paid at the Gate. Admits to Both Concerts FREE		G
H	COMMENCING MONDAY NIGHT		H
T	7---MORE BIG VAUDEVILLE ACTS---7		T
	An Entire New Show, New Faces, New Acts.		